

MOTHER. BUNCH's 56
Closet brocke Open ;

CONTAINING
Rare Secrets of ART & NATURE,
TRIED AND EXPERIENCED BY
LEARNED PHILOSOPHERS,

And recommended to all

INGENUOUS YOUNG MEN & MAIDS.

Teaching them how to get
Good WIVES and HUSBANDS.

PART THE SECOND.



Burslem, printed by J. Tregortha.

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THE
INTRODUCTION.

ONE Michaelmas Day, old Mother Bunch sitting upon the bank of a river, joining to a neighbouring grove, she beheld the late flourishing branches in their decay, whose leaves were falling to the earth.

From this she began to consider seriously of her own mortality; and since old Time had hurried on the
winter

her age, which had covered her head with **grey** locks, she might expect e'er long she must fall like the leaves to the earth.

Mother Bunch therefore resolved, as she had always been a kind friend to young men and maids, that she would leave a fair testimony of her love before she left the world ; since her painful study, and strict observation, had made a large improvement in her stock of knowledge, she would not have it buried in the grave with

her, but leave it to posterity, for their benefit, and the consolation of all young men and maids, whereby they may learn to understand their own good and bad fortunes, and by the directions of this book, be furnished with many secret rarities, never published to the world.

Accordingly, Mother Bunch the next day wrote letters of invitation to the young men and maids, to repair to her house on St. Luke's day: the maids appointed to come in the morning

ing to be first instructed, for these two reasons ; as she herself was a woman, she would teach the young women first lest the bachelors should be too severe on them ; and secondly it being Horn fair-day, many of the bachelors would be employed in the morning in handing the old citizens young wives to the fair, and in the afternoon they might be at liberty.

THE SECOND PART

OF

MOTHER BUNCH, &c.



NOW against the day appointed,
 Mother Bunch decer! her
 house, and getting up very early
 in the morning, she placed herself
 in the closet where her treasure lay.

Now the first that entered the room was Margery Loveman, a maltster's maid.

Good morrow Mother Bunch, I am come to partake of your bounty ; for I hear you have a second time opened your golden closet of curiosities.

Yes, daughter, said she, so I have and thou shalt partake of it.

Here are infallible rules and directions in all manner of love's intrigues that you may know what sort of a man you will marry, and whether he will prove loving or not.

Dear Mother. these are the things I would desire to know ; for believe me, out of all my sweethearts, I would willingly chuse the best.

'Tis true, I have 150l. the noise of
which

which has brought me many sweet-hearts, and I'd willingly know which comes for pure love, and which for the lucre of the money.

Daughter, said she, here is an experiment, if you will but try it, will make a full discovery of the reality of their love.

Let a report be spread, that you are robbed of all you have in the world. If after this, there is any one continues his love as before, you may be sure he is faithful.

But be sure to keep this counsel to yourself, that the mystery may not be discovered.

I'll take care of that, dear mother quoth Margery, and I heartily thank you for this kind advice, so good morrow, for I must needs go.

Good

Good morrow, daughter, she reply'd, young men are false and must be try'd.

She was no sooner gone, but in came Mrs. Susan a young femfrels, from Salisbury, who entered wringing her hands.

How now, quoth she, what's the matter daughter, that you take on at this rate?

Alas! Mother Bunch, quoth Susan, my, my, my.-----What's the matter? Why my sorrow is more than I am able to bear; for Mother, dear Frank the fidler and I have fallen out, and he swears he will not have me.

Come, daughter, quoth she, be of good of cheer, I will put you in a way to see whether he is angry or no. One swallow never makes a summer, nor one woodcock a winter. Let your angry lover alone for a season, and he'll come to himself again: I know fond love is a pesty darling, and wants humouring;
darling,

therefore let him alone ; in time he'll forget his anger, and return to thee again, if he has any principle of good nature or loyal love in him ; and if not, you had better be without him, than for all your life time to be tied to a sour apple-tree. Remember the old proverb. ' Set thy stool in the sun ; if a knave goes an honest man may come. I hope you have not played the wanton with him.

No Mother, but he would fain have played a lesson on my lute the other market day, but I would not let him.

Sayest thou so, daughter ? why I tell thee ; he did it to try thee ; and since he finds that you withstood him, he will never leave you.

Well, dear mother, she said, your words are comfortable to me, and when I find the good effects of them, I'll return and give you a true account ; and now Mother, farewell.

Right

Right happy, daughter, may you be,
In guarding your virginity.

The next which entered the room was Margaret, the miller's maid, who after making a low courtesy, and giving Mother Bunch the time of the day, desired to know for what purpose she sent her a letter. Why quoth the old woman, to the end that I might reveal to you some secrets that are both relative and conducive to love, which I have never yet discovered to the world. But Mother, said Margaret, I am a mere stranger to love, for I never what it meant. That may be, quoth she, yet you know not how soon you may receive the arrows of cupid, and then you'll be glad of some of my advice: for I know that the best of you desires to lie with a man; and I will appeal to you, if you should not be extremely glad of a good husband. Mother quoth Margaret, you come too loose to the matter, and if I may speak my
mind

mind freely, I would willingly embrace such a one ; for altho' house-keeping is chargeable, yet marriage is honourable. Thou sayest well daughter quoth Mother Bunch, and if thou hast a mind to see the man, follow my advice, and you shall not fail. Let me see, this is St. Luke's day, which I have found, by my long experience fitter for this purpose than St. Agnes's, and the ingredients more excellent. Take marygold flowers, a sprig of marjoram, thyme and a little wormwood : Dry them before a fire, rub them to powder, then sift it through a fine piece of lawn ; simmer these, with a small quantity of virgin honey, in white wine vinegar, over a slow fire : with this anoint your stomach, breast. and lips, when lying down, and repeat these words thrice.

St. Luke. St. Luke, be kind to me,
In dreams let me my true love see.

This

This said, hasten to sleep, and in the soft slumbers of your night's repose the very man whom you shall marry will appear before you, walking to and fro near your bed-side, very plain and visible to be seen. You shall perfectly behold his visage, stature and deportment ; and if he be one that will prove a loving husband, he will approach you with a smile ; which if he does, not seem to be over fond or peevish, but receive the same with a mild and modest blush. But if he be one of those, who after marriage will forsake thy bed to wander after strange women, he will endeavour to be rude and uncivil with thee. These are rarities I have never before divulged, and will prove of infinite advantage. I must thank you for all your love quoth Margaret, and so farewell good Mother Bunch. Good bye. dear daughter, she immediately reply'd,

Let joy and pleasure crown your days
And a kind man your fortune raise.

Next came in Kate the clothworker's daughter, Dolly the dairymaid, Joan, Bridget, Nancy, Phillis, &c. in all about forty together, who almost filled the room each of them crying, Dear Mother Bunch remember me! My dear daughters, quoth the old woman, sit you down and be quiet, and you shall partake of my benediction.

First, if any one here desires to know the name of the man whom they shall marry, let her who desires this seek for a green peascod, in which are full nine peas; which done, either write, or caule to be written, on a small slip of paper, these words,

Come in my dear, and do not fear.

Which writing you must enclose withing the abovelaid peascod, and
lay

lay it under the door. Then mind the next person who comes in, for you'll certainly marry one of the same name.

Secondly, she who desires to be satisfied whether she shall enjoy the man desired or no: Let her take two lemon peels in the morning, and wear them all day under her arm-pits: then at night let her rub the four posts of the bed with them: while done, in your sleep he will seem to come and present you with a couple of lemons; but if not there is no hope.

Thirdly, she who desires to know to what manner of fortune she shall be married, if a gentleman, a tradesman, or a traveller. The experiment is as follow:

Take a walnut, a hazlenut. and a nutmeg, grate them and make them up with butter and sugar into pills, which must be taken at lying down, and then if her fortune be to marry a gentleman, her sleep will be filled with

with golden dreams, if a tradesman, odd noises and tumults, and if a traveller, then will thunder and lightning disturb her.

Fourthly, St. Agnes's day I have not yet wholly blotted out my book, but I have found a more exact way of trying it than before. You need not abstain from kisses, nor be forced to keep fast for the glance of your lover in the night. If you can rile to be at the church door between the hours of twelve and one in the morning; and then put the fore finger of your right hand into the key hole, and then repeat the following words thrice :

O sweet St. Agnes now draw near,
And with my true love straight appear.

Then will he presently approach with a smiling countenance.

Fifthly, my daughters, know ye the 14th of February is Valentines day,

day, at which time the fowls of the air begin to couple; and the young men and maids are for chasing their mates. Now that you may speed, take this approved direction: take five bay leaves, lay one under every corner of your pillow, and the fifth in the middle; then lying down to rest, repeat these lines seven times over.

Sweet Guardian Angels, let me have
 What I most earnestly do crave,
 A Valentine endued with love,
 That will both true and constant
 prove.

Then to your content you'll either have the Valentine you desire, or one more excellent.

Silly, the old experiment of the midsummer smock, found out in a much better method than before by my sublime and painful study in philosophy----And now my daughters said she, it is thus; let seven of
 you

you go together on midsummer eve, just at sun set, into a silent grove, & gather every one of you a sprig of red sage, and return into a private room, with a stool in the middle; each one having a clean smock, turned wrong side outwards, hanging on a line cross the room; and let every one lay their sprig of red sage in a clean basin of rose water, set on the stool; which done place yourselves on a row, and continue till twelve or one o'clock, saying nothing but what it will you see; for after midnight each ones sweetheart or husband that shall be, will take each maid's sprig out of the rose water, and sprinkle his love's shift, and those who are so unfortunate as never to be so happy as be married their sprigs will not be moved but in lieu of that, sobs & sighs will be heard. This has been often try'd, and it never failed of its effects.

These

These things I have found out of late
To make young lovers fortunate.

And now my dear daughters I
have but a word or two more to say
at the present, and that by way of
caution.

In the twelve months I find about
thirty-one days unlucky ; so, as you
render your own happiness take care
you marry not on those days ; and
for your better instruction, I will set
down those days for you.

In January are four the 7th, 14th,
17th, and 18th.

In February two the 5th & tenth.

In March three, the 9th, 19th, 22d.

In April two, the 6th and 7th,

In May two, the 4th and 19th,

In June three, the 7th, 9th and 10th.

In July two, the 6th and 7th.

In August two, the 11th and 16th.

In Sept. three, the 2d 3d. and 4th.

In October three. 4th. 14th & 15th.

In November two, the 15th & 24th.

In Dec. three, the 6th. 8th and 9th.

Observe my rules of all these days,
And then you will your fortunes raise.

This said old Mother Bunch gave them a cup of her cordial water, and so dismissed them, the young damsels returning her hearty thanks for her Motherly advice.

After Mother Bunch had dined, the young men came, as Tom the miller, Ralph the thatcher and Robin the ploughman, with a great many other Trades and Callings.

Then turning to Ralph the thatcher she said to him, I find you are very desirous of a wife, and your ambitious mind is so great, that she must be very rich, young and beautiful.--- So that you cannot be content with honest Joan, to whom you have promised marriage, but you must change her for a fine fittin madam, but I can tell you that she won't stand picking of straws with you; for her fair face will find many friends in a corner; and so you may chance to be

be a cuckold, and indeed you will be justly served in your kind; and therefore I pray you to return to your old true lover, for she is an honest girl, and therefore far more fit for you than such a butterfly as you have so lately followed.

Then she stretched forth her hand to Robin the ploughman, saying unto him, thou art an honest fellow, and good luck will attend thee; but I do not mean bags of gold, nor heaps of silver, but thou shalt have an industrious wife, one who will be both willing to labour and a true and faithful yoke-maid, who will be a cheerful partner in thy weal or woe, to support thee under thy troubles, as the poet has it,

The burthen may be borne by two
with care,

Which is perhaps, too much for one
to bear.

Honest Robin, this is thy fortune, and as thou art a downright honest man I am glad to find it so.

Thus Mother Bunch went round the
room

And told them what would be their
doom.

If they her daughters did betray,
And steal their maidenheads away,
Each should be punished with a bride,
By whom they should be hornify'd ;
But if they were right honest men,
The should have happy fortunes then.

This said she did her blessing give,

In love and happiness to live ;

Which when they did the same re-
ceive

Of Mother Bunch they took their
leave ;

Declaring she had told them more,
Than e'er they understood before.

Mother BUNCH's EPITAPH.

Thus all her Art at length could not
her save,

From death's dire stroke and moul-
d'ring in the grave.

F I N I S.

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